

## NEW ARRIVALS

### Women's Ankle Strap Pumps

Patent leather, new heels and new strap fastenings; swell styles at

**\$3.50**

### Extra Special

Patent ankle strap, new at

**\$3**

JUST RECEIVED

Ten new styles in Women's Oxfords, Patents and Plain Kid Leathers.

**\$3 and \$3.50**

YOU CAN DEPEND ON A KINNEY SHOE

# Kinney Shoe Co.

113 SAN ANTONIO ST.

## ONLY TEN DAYS LEFT

In Which To Buy  
A Gas Range On  
Credit : : : :

**And Save \$3**

If you install a Gas Range this summer, you will save money every time you use it. You will also save yourself the bringing in of fuel and the discomfort of an overheated kitchen. But if you install a Gas Range this month, you make an additional saving of \$3.00.

Until April 1st, we offer Gas Ranges on credit at the cash price. Ordinarily, we make a discount of \$3.00 to anyone who pays cash. When the really warm weather comes, you will have to have a Gas Range. Why not install it the next ten days, when by so doing you can save \$3.00? (The above offer applies to any flat top Range in stock.)

### The "New Process" or "Cabinet" Ranges

A distinct step forward are the "New Process" or "Cabinet" Gas Ranges. Stop in the next time you are down town, and look them over.

# El Paso Gas & Electric Co.

Bassett Bldg.

Bell 98, Auto 1098

FRANK G. CARPENTER'S LETTER.

# THE GOLDEN PAGODA

FRANK G. CARPENTER WRITES OF BUDDHA'S GREATEST MONUMENT BUILT AT RANGOON OVER EIGHT HOLY HEIRS OF THE PROPHET.

How the Burmese Worship—Burning Away One's Sins. A Nation at Prayer—Life in the Monasteries—A Land Where Priests Only Have Souls—Every Boy a Monk—Buddhist Nuns and the Wickedness of Woman—The Third Biggest Bell in the World—A Human Measuring Rod—Odd Features of Strange Religion Believed by Millions.

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Rangoon, Burma, March 10, 1910.—Come with me this morning for a look at the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the holiest shrine of the Buddhist religion. It is the Mecca of one-tenth of mankind, and the 9,000,000 followers of the prophet who live here in Burma consider it the most sacred spot upon earth. The pagoda stands on a little hill on the banks of the Irrawaddy river in this red-hot town of Rangoon. The sun here is deadly at noonday, and we get up with the crows. Their cawing begins before day, and the light is just coming through the palm trees as we sit down in the hotel bedrooms to our tea, toast and jam before starting out.

A black turbaned Hindu with a rat-like Indian pony carries us in his gharry through the wide streets of Rangoon. We pass half-naked coolies on their way to work; jostle the street waterworks, consisting of bare-legged men, with buckets, are sprinkling the roads; turn out for the carts hauled by humped bullocks carrying great loads, and at last pass through a section of fine bungalows in which the better classes live, and are dropped at the foot of Pagoda hill.

#### Morning at the Shrine.

It is now 7 o'clock this bright Sunday morning, and the worshippers are out in full force. Scores of brown-skinned, shaven-headed monks clad in a single sheet of yellow cotton are going in and out of the great hallways along the way. Each carries a begging bowl for the rice offerings which are freely given. We see scores of worshippers on their way to the shrine, and at the entrance find peddlers of flowers, incense and candles to be offered to the gods overhead.

We can see the great pagoda long before we reach it. Its golden spire kisses the sky 500 feet above the spot where we get down from our gharry. With the hill upon which it stands, the monument is as tall as the great marble shaft erected to Washington on the banks of the Potomac; and as we look up we are dazzled by the blaze of gold upon it, and the wonderful structures which form its base. The sides of the hill are covered with carved buildings, each of which is a jewel, and a gorgeous covered avenue of gold, with a ridge roof upheld by white marble pillars, leads by stairways to the platform above. The platform itself covers 14 acres, or as much space as the Pyramid of Cheops, and it is from this that the gold spire starts.

But first let us make our way up through the arcades. There is no road on earth more curious than that which leads to the shrine. Its stone floor has throughout the ages been polished by the bare feet of the thousands who have tramped up to pray. The worshippers take off their sandals as they come to the entrance, and walk on with them in their hands. We foreigners keep our shoes on and mix with the crowd. As we go in we hear the birds sing. Thousands of them have made nests in the carvings, and they fly back and forth through the pagoda from daylight to dark. At night they roost on the gold. According to the tenets of Buddhist religion, it is a sin to kill anything that has life, and the birds know they are in the house of their friends.

#### Burning Away One's Sins.

Going onward we pass booths all the way. Pretty Burmese girls with plugs of gold, silver or glass as big as my thumb in the lobes of their ears, sit cross-legged on the mats, selling offerings for Buddha. The candles are of all sizes, from tapers as thin as the finger of a 2-year-old baby to great cylinders of wax as tall as the girls who are selling and as thick as their waists. I buy a bunch of tapers and give them over to one of the worshippers. She smiles with delight at the thought of the sins that will be washed away as they burn, and thanks me profusely.

A little beyond this we are stopped by a priest with a nickel-in-the-slot box slung around his bare neck by a string. He has a little brass triangle tied to his right index finger, and he strikes upon this as he prays, making a sound like a bell. The passersby drop coins into the slot, and thereby acquire merit and prayers.

Upon reaching the top of the avenue, which is about 1000 feet long, we turn and look back upon the gay crowd passing through. It is a mass of bright colors. The Burmese wear the most delicate pinks, yellows and greens. The men have silk turbans as gay as a rainbow, and the whole is a kaleidoscope which makes the dark avenue a mass of bright hues.

Buddha's Golden Mountain. On the other side of the platform and look up at the pagoda. I despair of describing it. It is a mountain of gold which ends in a spire nearly 400 feet high. The stone platform where we are standing would make a half dozen blocks of one of our cities, and the monument alone has at its base a circumference of a quarter of a mile. That golden umbrella which you see on the spire looks small from this point of view. The stone platform where we are standing is covered with a good sized house, and it is studded with jewels. Listen to the golden bells which hang about its rim, tinkling in the breeze. The sound is mingled with the singing of birds and the rustling of palm leaves. The umbrella cost more than \$200,000 when it was made, something like a generation ago.

#### A Free Gift to Buddha.

This great structure and all its surroundings were formed by unforced offerings from the worshippers of Buddha. The labor upon it was voluntary, and when the king sent out notice that it was to be built, money and jewels flowed into him from all parts of Burma. The monument is kept up by the freewill offerings of the people. It has been plated with gold leaf again and again, until the brick and stucco of which it is made contain more of the precious metal than the best ore of our big western mines.

One of the last kings of Burma once made a vow that he would give his weight in gold to the monument. After he had taken a good substantial himself down to the lowest possible number of pounds, he jumped on one side of the scales and piled up gold on the other. It took just enough to make it cost him \$45,000. With the money more gold leaf was bought, and the upper part of the pagoda received a fresh coat. I say fresh, but I doubt whether even then the new part could have been distinguished from the old. The whole mighty monument has hardly a tarnished spot on it. It is covered with gold, purer than that of an American gold eagle, and it shines like a new wedding ring. The lower part of the structure is much like a beehive. It is terraced around as it goes upward, growing smaller and smaller until it ends in the spire.

#### Eight Holy Hairs of the Prophet.

The monument stands over certain relics of Buddha, including eight hairs which the prophet pulled from his head, and gave to the two Burmese brothers who planted them here. That was many years ago, and since then the followers of Buddha have come here to worship. The first pagoda was erected on the site 588 years before Christ was born, and the present structure was already in place 100 years before Boston was founded.

Today the Buddhists consider it an almost sure passport to heaven to erect a small pagoda about the base of the great Shwe Dagon; and now there are hundreds of little temples, most exquisitely carved and often plated with gold, running clear around the great monument. These are on the average, I should say, something like 30 feet high, ending in spires plated with gold. They are much like chapels, and inside each of them is a sitting statue of Buddha, often of more than life size. Some of them are of gold plated, others are of silver, and not a few of a baster or marble. They hug the base of the mighty pagoda.

The Third Biggest Bell in the World. Round the edges of the platform, leaving a court several hundred feet wide between them, are other temples of exquisite carving, some of which have reclining Buddhas a hundred or more feet in length, and at the back at one corner is the great Buddhist bell, which is said to be the third largest of its kind in the world. It weighs 42 tons, and it would take something like 30 horses to haul it if it could be succeeded upon wheels and dragged over the roads. It is so thick that the yellow gowned priest who acts as my guide can just touch the inside of the rim with his fingers while the outside rests in the crook of his elbow. He strikes it with a deer horn and the sound booms out on the air.

This bell was presented to Buddha by a native king about 70 years ago. When the English took the country they decided to carry it off to London as a trophy. They got the bell down as far as the Irrawaddy river, but in attempting to load it on a vessel they went into the stream and their engineers could not raise it again. Upon this, some Burmese came up and asked if they might have the bell if they could get it back in its place. The English, having no idea that they could be succeeded, granted their request. The Burmese went at once to work. They used no machinery, but by means of thousands of men working together they lifted the great mass up the banks and carried it back to where it now stands.

Buddhists at Prayer. But let us stroll around the pagoda platform and have a look at the people at prayers. All the worshiping is done in the open. There are scores of men, women and children kneeling on the bare bricks. Their hands are folded and they look up at the spire as they pray. They are not idolaters. They do not worship the spire nor the images, but come to this holy place to renew their vows, to think upon Buddha and repent of their sins. See this woman kneeling here at my right. Her pink silk gown is wrapped tightly about her body, and her bare feet stick out behind. She is rising and falling and counting her beads as she sings out her prayers. She has flowers in her hands, and as we watch she rises and lays them on the lap of a Buddha in one of the chapels.

On the other side of us are three Buddhist nuns. They are dressed in plain yellow cotton and have little more than a sheet of this stuff wrapped around them. Their heads are shaved close. They hold out cloths, upon which people throw offerings as they pass by. Each nun has a rosary about her neck, and she tells her beads as she prays.

#### Women and Their Sins.

The Buddhist religion takes but small account of women, and the rules are such that a monk cannot reside under the same roof with a nun. He cannot travel in a cart or boat with a woman, and one of the books of the law says that he must not touch her, and that if he falls into a ditch, he must not offer his hand to help her out. He may hold

forth a stick, but if she grasps it he must imagine he is pulling at a log of wood. According to a Buddhist saying the sins of the worst man are a thousand times less than those of the best woman that ever lived. Nevertheless there are numerous convents all over this country, and nuns are everywhere found.

We see many priests worshipping about the pagoda. Here comes one now. He must be 60 years old, and his brown face is withered, his neck shrunken and his thin legs seem to totter. He is clad only in two strips of bright yellow cotton, his right shoulder and arm being bare. In his left hand is a pair of old sandals, the sweaty outlines of his foot marked on the yellow leather, and in his right he carries a small bunch of roses. He kneels on the bricks with the tropical sun beating down upon his shaved head, and holds up the flowers as he prays. After a time he goes to a chapel and lays them on the knees of a great golden Buddha. There are many family parties praying, men, women and children kneeling together. They all act as though their religion was one of rejoicing. They laugh and smoke on their way to and from prayers. They hold their heads high, and are evidently proud of both Buddha and Burma.

#### Superstitious Worshippers.

But what is this coming around the corner from the other side of the great golden spire. It is a middle-aged man, alternately rising and falling. He wears a turban and waist cloth, and his skin is as dark as that of a negro. He is a Buddhist from India, and he must have something of the Hindu in his religion, for he is prostrating himself on the brick platform and measuring every muscle from the ends of his toes to the tips of his fingers. He presses his fingers hard upon the bricks, and marks his limit of reach with a candle. He then rises and walks to this candle. He picks it up and then prostrates himself once more on his face and prays, using the candle to mark the spot where his finger-tips rest. He goes fast, the whole circuit of the pagoda being covered in less than an hour. We watch him at the end of his journey, and he completes the circuit by kneeling for three or four minutes, and then rises with a beaming look upon his face, evidently believing that he has acquired merit.

About the Shrines. Later on we make a tour of the shrines. There are a hundred or more, all ending in spires of gold far below the spire of this great golden mountain. All are beautifully carved, and some are waited with colored glass, so set in golden wires that when the sun shines they show the many splendors of the peacock's tail. The Buddhas within have offerings of flowers, fruit and rice lying before them. At some candles are burning, and on their laps offerings of brocade and silks have been placed. We are touched by the sentiment shown by the worshippers. They are of all classes and conditions; some poor, sick and sad, but most are rich and well dressed and apparently joyful.

All seem self-respecting, and it would be unfair to say that they are not in earnest in their religion. I am told that the Burmese are naturally religious. They are obedient, and when one has a surplus he spends it in erecting resthouses, or places along the road where travelers can have a cool drink of water. They have spotted the whole country with pagodas; they are found in every town and village and on almost every hill. There are monasteries everywhere, and the country has more religious monuments, perhaps, than any other of its size in the world. A census taken some years ago showed that there are more than 15,000 monasteries, and that Burma has on the average one for every 33 houses. At that time there were 90,000 men in the monasteries, or more than 2 percent of the whole population.

The Monks of Burma. It must be remembered, however, that the personnel of the monastery is constantly changing. Men come in and go out. Boys put on the yellow robe of the priesthood and lay it aside in order to marry. According to the law, as taught here, every Buddhist man or boy must be a monk before his soul can be born. Until then he is a beast, and if he dies, is sure to be reborn in some filthy body in his next transmigration. When a boy enters a monastery he lays aside his good clothes and puts on a single sheet of rough yellow cotton. His head is now shaved, and he goes forth to beg. No matter what his circumstances may have been, while he is in the monastery he must live upon the gifts of the people, and he goes forth daily with his begging bowl and takes what is offered. He does this, no matter how high he rises nor how long he stays.

The usual time for entering the monastery is at the approach of manhood. The youth are admitted on probation, and they first act as servants, or chela, for the monks, having about the same place as Kim had with the old abbot in Rudyard Kipling's delightful novel of Indian life. Once admitted, the boys are supposed to devote themselves to holy living, thinking and doing. They are taught the principles of Buddhist faith and are urged to spend their lives going about doing good. Some of them take the priesthood as a profession, and others stay but a short time, for they can come and go at will.

Life in the Monasteries. I have visited some of the monasteries during my stay in Burma. The life in them is by no means exciting. The monks are awakened at daybreak by a wooden bell, and are supposed to be at their prayers as early as 5:30 in the morning. As soon as he rises, every monk washes his hands and face and rinses his mouth. He then smooths out the robe in which he has slept overnight and goes into prayers. After that he takes up his duties about the monastic establishment; he may sweep the floors of the temple or water the garden or do odd jobs of various kinds. The work of the institution is divided and each monk has his own job.

After a short while the monks all meet together and start out to beg. Headed by the chief priest, they walk in company through the main streets of the town with their begging bowls in their hands. They do not ask alms nor call at the houses, but merely walk along single file in the middle of each street, having their eyes fixed on the ground. Each priest holds his begging bowl in front of him, and the people come and pour in their offerings. The priests do not give thanks, believing

that they confer a favor in allowing the people to give. The begging procession lasts for an hour or so. When it is completed the monks go back to the monastery, where they lay a part of their gifts before the statues of Buddha and spread the rest out for breakfast. I hear it whispered, however, that most of the monasteries have a hot breakfast as well. The monks eat another meal about noon and a dinner toward evening. Those I have seen look fat and healthy and none appears any the worse for the fasting and wear of his religious profession.

Frank G. Carpenter.

## Eczema Cured

It makes no difference how long you have suffered, what you have tried, even if every part of your body is an itching, burning sore, a permanent cure awaits you.

### IMPERIAL REMEDY

The instant "Imperial Remedy" is applied you feel relieved. It is a nice, clean liquid which penetrates the pores, and purifies the diseased parts.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of Imperial Eczema Remedy. A full dollar size bottle sent on receipt of \$1.00 if your druggist does not supply you.

IMPERIAL MEDICINE CO., Houston, Texas.

## Stearns' Electric Rat and Reach Paste

the guaranteed exterminator for rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs, etc., etc. 2 oz. box 25c—16 oz. box \$1.00. Money back if it fails.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOX

*J. J. Kearney*

**SANTAL MIDY** CATARRH and DISCHARGES Relieved in 24 Hours Each capsule bears the name MIDY because of counterfeits

FINANCIAL.

## An Authority On Piano Making

Has said: "No piano was ever built that never needed tuning." This is especially true in this climate.

W. D. ROBINSON, Tuner

2020 Oklahoma St. Bell Phone 2426.

## "We Fool the Sun"

Our Awnings and Sun Proof Curtains are a necessity during the hot days which are fast approaching. It keeps your place cool and pleasant. You will be surprised at the comfort of an Awning and also how cheap we can place them for you. Estimates on any kind of work furnished free. We guarantee all our work.

EL PASO & SOUTHWESTERN AWNING CO.

Auto Phone 1882

## ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Arctic or Matador

Brand Lard Compound, the Pure Vegetable Lard,

Manufactured by

El Paso Refining Co.,

El Paso, Texas.

## Notice to Contractors

Proposals for wrecking Mills building will be received by

NORACE B. STEVENS, Agt.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Labeled Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Each box contains 10 pills. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

FINANCIAL.

## First National Bank

United States Depository

Capital and Surplus, \$600,000.00

#### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

W. W. TURNER, Chairman. JOSHUA RAYMONDS, President. James G. McNary, Vice-President. Walter M. Butler, Asst. Cashier. Jno. M. Reynolds, Vice-President. Francis R. Gallagher, Asst. Cashier. EDGAR W. KAYSER, Cashier.

Assets - - - - \$4,500,000.00

WE SOLICIT YOUR BANKING BUSINESS

C. R. MOREHEAD, President. JOSEPH MAGOFFIN, V. Pres. L. J. GILCHRIST, Asst. Cash. GEO. D. FLORY, Cashier. C. N. BASSETT, Vice Pres.

## State National Bank

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1881.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$175,000.

A Legitimate Banking Business Transacted in All Its Branches. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR MEXICAN MONEY.

## Rio Grande Valley Bank & Trust Co.

W. W. Turner, Pres. S. T. Turner, Vice Pres. W. Cooley, V. P. & Mgr. W. E. Arnold, Cashier. F. M. Murchison, Asst. Cash. H. E. Christie, Secy.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$150,000

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUT OF TOWN ACCOUNTS

## CITY NATIONAL BANK

EL PASO, TEXAS

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital, \$150,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$25,000.00

#### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

U. S. Stewart A. G. Andrews J. F. Williams Frank Powers E. Kohlberg H. H. Simmons B. Blumenthal J. H. May

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED

Pine Ridge Sanitarium ATLANTA, GA.

For the Treatment of LARYNGEAL and PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS Modern in every respect and thoroughly equipped to handle the most severe cases. Located in the famous Pine Ridge section of Georgia, at the very top of the highest point in Fulton county, just 44 miles from Atlanta. Its natural drainage in all directions. Each and every case treated according to its own individual needs. Rates reasonable. Medical report of cases from July 10, 1908 to August 10, 1909, shows a complete recovery of \$2-7 per cent. Write for PINE RIDGE SANITARIUM, Atlanta, Ga. Illustrated booklet. Dr. Geo. Brown, Pres. Dr. J. M. Crawford, V. Pres. Dr. L. C. Engling, Sec.